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PORPSMOUTH, N. H THURSDAY JANUARY 25, 1906.

The Portsmouth Daily Republican merged
with The Herald July 1, 1906.

PRICE 2 CENTS

BIG JANUARY

Mark Down Sale Of Clothing Men's, Boys' and Children's Winter Clothes

Marked way down below cost to close out to make room for
Spring Goods.

This is a genuine Mark Down Sale where you can save money
as we are over stocked with heavy goods.

Also a great line of Men's and Boy's Sweaters, marked way
down, all sizes.

Don't fail to attend this sale, and save money.

W. H. FAY,

3 Congress St., - - Portsmouth

GREAT REDUCTION

IN

Boots

AND

Shoes

AT

Pettigrew Brothers'

37 Congress St.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

Every Household Should Have One.

Three Different Makes in Stock.

A. P. Wendell & Co.,

2 MARKET SQUARE

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR,

AT BRITTON'S EXPRESS OFFICE,

22 DANIEL ST.

The Finest Line of Woolens for Men's Wear Now Ready.

CUSTOM WORK STRICTLY—REPAIRING AND CLEANSING
—SATISFACTION ASSURED.

Suits Cleansed \$1.00. . . . Trousers 25c.

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR.

Walden's Market, Vaughan Street.

MEATS,

VEGETABLES,

CANNED GOODS.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY TO ALL PARTS OF CITY.

FRENCH POLICY

Is A Monroe Doctrine For Morocco

TROUBLE IS FEARED AT ALGECIRAS

Germany And France Can Hardly Reconcile Claims

LATTER COUNTRY WANTS TO BE A FAV- ORED NATION

Algeciras, Spain, Jan. 25.—The confidential exchanges now going on among the representatives of the powers in the Moroccan conference disclose the extreme difficulty of arranging terms that both France and Germany will accept.

The German delegates put forward the attractive principle of disinterestedness and equal privileges for all countries.

The French delegates, on the other hand, maintain that France cannot be disinterested. They affirm that, having followed an active policy in Morocco for eight years and having obtained numerous advantages, France should not now be asked to take the same position as all the rest of the world. France virtually enunciates in a modified form the principle of the Monroe Doctrine in Northwest Africa.

Germany insists on political equality with even more tenacity than she does on the question of economic equality.

The real struggle, however, is over the political future of Morocco. France would rather withdraw from the conference than tie up the political destiny of Morocco by international control.

Germany will press for the internationalization of the police.

FOR SULLIVAN COUNTY

Jesse M. Barton Chosen As Judge Of Probate

Concord, Jan. 25.—The important office of judge of probate of Sullivan county was filled on Wednesday at a special meeting of the Governor and council by the appointment of Jesse M. Barton of Newport. The selection was made after a session lasting from eleven o'clock in the forenoon until half-past three o'clock in the afternoon.

The office was left vacant by the death of Judge E. J. Tenney. The claims of four candidates were presented, those besides Mr. Barton being Robert J. Merrill, clerk of the judiciary committee of the last House of Representatives, and Ira G. Colby of Claremont and E. E. Leighton of Newport.

Those who urged the claims of the Claremont candidates argued that Claremont is the natural county seat. The accessibility of Newport was presented as a counter argument.

The resignation of John E. Allen of Keene as judge of probate of Cheshire county was received and accepted and Robert A. Ray of the same city was nominated to succeed him. Another candidate was George C. Litchfield, also of Keene.

VERDICT FOR PLAINTIFF

In the Seabrook Case of McQuillen Against Bristol

The Seabrook case of Bertha McQuillen against Frank L. Bristol was tried in superior court at Exeter on Wednesday and the plaintiff was awarded the sum of \$300. Eastman, Seaman and Gardner of Exeter were counsel for the plaintiff and Judge Thomas Leavitt of Exeter represented the defendant.

The jury was made up as follows:

Charles H. Brackett, foreman, Greenland; Charles E. Kimball, Brentwood; Will B. Gilie, Raymond; Joseph B. Wilbur, Fremont; Charles Bailey, Hampstead; Henry T. Wheeler, Derry; Frank L. Mottram, Londonderry; James F. Marshall, William McEvoy, William H. Fay, William E. Maddock and John T. Flynn, of Portsmouth.

The following new jurors reported to the court on Wednesday:

Henry T. Wheeler, Derry; Arthur H. Sawyer, Exeter; Charles Bailey, Hampstead; Oliver H. Godfrey, Hampton; Frank L. Mottram, Londonderry; Robert B. Oakes, Salem; John W. M. Worledge, Windham, and William H. Fay, Charles C. Jones, James F. Marshall, William McEvoy and John F. Flynn of Portsmouth.

PASSED THROUGH HERE

Runaway Boys Came to This City From Manchester

Two lads who have been eagerly sought for two weeks were found early this week by the Waterville, Me., police. The boys are Ernest L. Gay, fifteen years old, son of George L. Gay of Natick, Mass., and Walter Stanton, also of Natick.

The youths ran away from home and for a time foiled every attempt to catch them. They were traced from Natick to Boston, thence to Manchester, Portsmouth and Portland. From the latter city they went to Brunswick and from there to Waterville, where they were captured. They traveled on freight trains. They were very disconsolate in appearance and were evidently relieved that their wanderings were at an end.

The Waterville police took the boys to Portland, where they were met by relatives.

FRESHET CONDITIONS

Prevailed at Franklin and Railroad Traffic Blocked

Franklin, Jan. 25.—The ice in the Pemigewasset River broke up on Thursday under the spell of the warm wave, and the formation of jams in gorges at various points caused conditions approaching those of the freshet season.

On Smith River, a tributary of the Pemigewasset, a bridge at Profile Falls, on the Bristol branch of the Boston and Maine railroad, was covered with water to the depth of fifteen inches, so that railroad traffic was held up most of the day.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE

A Regular Meeting Held On Wednes- day Evening

A regular meeting of Oak Castle, No. 4, Knights of the Golden Eagle, was held at the lodge rooms on High street on Wednesday evening.

It was voted to celebrate the anniversary of the order, which comes around on the 28th of next month.

One application for membership was received and the first degree will be worked at the next meeting.

LATEST NAVAL ORDERS

These naval orders have just been issued:

Rear Admiral W. S. Cowles appointed chief of the bureau of equipment in the department of the navy, Washington, with the rank of rear admiral, for a term of four years from Jan. 22.

Capt. G. L. Dyer commissioned a captain in the navy from Sept. 30, 1905, to the navy department, Washington, Feb. 1, for temporary duty.

Comdr. C. E. Rommel, retired, detached from navy yard, New York, to home.

WAS DEFEATED HERE

A write-up of the basketball team at Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, in the Boston Herald, contains the statement that the team has never been defeated since its organization. It may be true that the Brewster team has never succumbed to a school team, but it was certainly beaten by the Woods Brothers in this city last winter.

"I have been somewhat costly, but Doan's Regulets gave just the results desired. They act mildly and regulate the lowels perfectly."—George B. Krause, 306 Walnut Ave., Altoona, Pa.

THE ESTIMATES

Of The Navy Department Made Public

NUMBER OF MEN TO BE DISCHARGED

Sixty The Estimate For The Por- tsmouth Yard

SO EXTENSIVE A DISCHARGE, NOT NEC- ESSARY, HOWEVER

EARLIER THAN USUAL

Municipal Meeting Will Be Called at
Half-Past Seven

Sixty men, it is said, will be discharged from the steam engineering department of Portsmouth navy yard as a result of the refusal of the national House of Representatives to approve the deficiency bill of the bureau of steam engineering. This is in accordance with the estimates of the navy department. Such a

discharge would reduce the present force nearly one-third, as but 130 are now employed in this department.

The Herald is in a position to state however, that no such extensive discharge will be made. At the most, it will not be necessary to discharge more than twenty men and it is possible that even the reduction of the force to this extent may be avoided. It is certain that the discharge of one-third of the men of the department will not be required.

The navy department's estimates call for the discharge of 309 men from the New York yard, 289 from the Boston yard, 260 from Norfolk, 120 from Mare Island and sixty each from Portsmouth, League Island and Bremerton.

The present situation is due to the apparent necessity of reducing the payroll of the bureau of steam engineering \$84,000. The reasons for this reduction were fully explained in these columns yesterday.

Business will commence early this evening and Mayor Marvin will rap for order thirty minutes earlier than usual.

The councilmen consider the new hour late enough and say when there is not much business they can finish by eight o'clock, the former time of opening the meetings.

"MARTIN"

FOUND

Man Long Sought at Last Located

Accomplice In Page Mur- der, Wife Says

New York, Jan. 25.—A woman who caused the arrest of her husband in Brooklyn last night on a charge of assault, declared to the police that the man was an accomplice in the murder of Mabel Page at Weston, Mass.

While not placing too great faith in

(Continued on page five.)

GEORGE B. FRENCH CO.

Continue Record Breaking Prices For
Clearance.

New Lots At New Prices That Should Clear Them Quickly.

ONE COUNTER OF HOSIERY BARGAINS.

YOU HARDLY NEED ANY ADVICE
FROM US ABOUT THESE, THE
PRICES TELL THE STORY.

A lot of Men's Balbriggan Hose in broken sizes,
all at one price regardless of their cost—
they were 25c, now.....

5c.

A lot of Boys' Fancy Hose, very good wear,
but sizes incomplete.....

5c.

A lot of Men's Black Hose, fine and heavy, fast
black, also Odd Pairs of Fancy Hose, were
25c, now.....

12 1-2c.

Children's and Misses' Hose in a varied lot—
Fancy Polka Dot, Plain Black and others
are Tan, were 25c, now.....

5c.

Ladies' Black Hosiery in drop stitch—Boys'
Heavy Ribbed Hose—Ladies' Fleeced Hose
—original prices 25c and 37c, choice of the
lots.....

12 1-2c.

Special lots of Ladies' Fine Hosiery to close
out the lines—Black Drop Stitch, very fine
quality—Plain Black Hose, extra wear, in
regular and oversizes—Ladies' Fine Cash-
mere Ribbed Hose—most of these are the
50c quality, one price on all, your choice..

25c.

THESE ARE TRADE BARGAINS THAT YOU WILL DO WELL TO
CONSIDER — BETTER NOT BE A LATE COMER.

IRISH POINT DRAPERY.

THEY ARE WORTH YOUR LOOKING
AFTER, AS THE ODD LOTS ARE
MARKED AWAY DOWN.

1 Pair, the last of many were \$1.50,
now.....

\$4.75

2 Pairs, handsome design, were \$5.50,
for.....

\$3.00

1 Pair, worth the original \$7.50, now.....

\$4.50

2 Pairs, very fine design, were \$4.50,
now.....

\$2.00

1 1/2 Pairs that were marked \$7.50, now.....

\$4.50

2 Pairs, good value at \$6.50, better value.....

\$4.50

2 Pairs our usual price \$9.00, now.....

\$5.00

2 Pairs that were \$3.75, now.....

\$2.25

MANY PERISH

In Wreck Of The Steamer
Valencia

DISASTER OCCURRED IN
HEAVY FOG

Story Told By Six Survivors Who
Reach Cape Beale

A FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE FOLLOWED
GROUNDING

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 24.—The steamer Valencia, Captain Johnson, of the Pacific Coast Steamship company, with ninety-four passengers on board and a crew of sixty, was wrecked eastward of Cape Beale on the Vancouver Island coast in the early morning of Tuesday, with a heavy loss of life, greater than that of any other disaster that has occurred near here since the terrible loss of life following the collision of the ship Orpheus with the steamer Pacific, when en route from Victoria to Portland.

The survivors who have reached Cape Beale, the boatswain and five seamen, sent to secure assistance in one of the steamer's boats, report that at least fifty persons were drowned alongside the steamer when boats loaded with women and children smashed against the steamer's side soon after they were lowered from the vessel.

100 Huddled On Saloon Deck

When they left over 100 persons were huddled on the saloon deck of the steamer, which was then partly submerged with the inrolling sea washing over the main deck.

A southeast gale was blowing, with the wind whistling through the cordage on the wrecked vessel at a velocity of over forty miles an hour; and huge seas pounded on the deck, threatening to break up the wreck.

Further Rescues Are Doubtful

Unless the several steamers which have been hurried to the assistance of the wrecked vessel can arrive in time to save those who remain on the wreck, it is doubtful if any will reach shore, for a landing in such a place is extremely difficult if at all possible.

The Valencia sailed from San Francisco on her second trip to Victoria, replacing a recently disabled steamer on this route at 1 a. m., Saturday. This was the only clear day, and from Saturday evening Captain Johnson and his officers had to navigate by means of dead reckoning. Nearing the entrance to the straits the weather was very thick and the officers thought they were in the vicinity of the Umatilla Reef Lighthouse near Cape Flattery, which as a good fog signal on board. Having had no observations and unable to make out their position in the thick weather prevailing, soundings were taken, showing thirty fathoms.

Steamer Struck Heavily

Immediately after the men with the lead lines reported thirty fathoms of water, the steamer struck heavily against some reefs off shore with a shock which awoke all on board.

The steamer did not run upon the reef, and was immediately backed away. As she went into deep water she began to fill, the impact with the rocks having greatly damaged the steamer. The engineers whistled up to the bridge that water was pouring up over the engine room plates and they were unable to stand by their engines, so fast did the water rise in the engine room.

Firemen Driven On Deck

They and the firemen were driven on deck, but before they were driven out, in answer to excited jingles from the bridge they gave what speed was possible and Captain Johnson turned the vessel again toward the beach.

As the Valencia was foundering as a result of her impact with the rocks, the only possible chance to save any of those on board was to put the vessel ashore again with the hope, scant though it was, of landing those on board on the rocky coast.

Frightful Inrush Of Water

Before she struck again on the rocks the engineers, firemen and all

below had been driven above by the rush of water, and the seas soon began to roll over the main deck. Water was over the deck when the boats were being lowered, the lights being extinguished by the flooding of the engine room before the work was commenced.

Swept Into Sea And Drowned

The loss of life was awful when the boats were lowered. Two boats filled with women and children were swept against the side of the steamer, smashed and completely wrecked, all those in the boats being swept into the sea and drowned.

When the six survivors who had arrived at Cape Beale left the Valencia, she was lying head on to the sea and was about thirty feet from the high bluff on shore, with water over her main deck. What were left of her passengers, a large number having previously been drowned, were ruddled in the saloon deck.

Steamers Hurry To Rescue

Up to 10 o'clock efforts to secure further details from Cape Beale of the wreck had been unavailing. Three steamers are on the way. The steamer Queen City, which left here early this morning, passed the wreck without sighting her. The weather was thick at that time. Captain Townsend of the Queen City telegraphed from Bamfield Creek asking if he should return to the wreck, but was ordered to proceed on his voyage. Other steamers are on the way.

STILL A PRISONER

But Kinney Prefers Alfred Jail To Police Station

Chief of Police Harmon of Biddeford made arrangements Wednesday morning to have Harry H. Kinney, who was convicted in the police court Tuesday on a charge of assault with intent to murder Charles O. Gould, taken to Alfred jail to await the action of the grand jury, when Leroy Haley, the prisoner's attorney, came into the station and said he expected to get bail for him yesterday.

The Journal was informed that relatives of Kinney were raising money on real estate they owned in Massachusetts, which will be put up in this city for the release of Kinney. The brother-in-law of the latter said Tuesday that he was sure they could raise \$2,000, but could not raise \$3,000. There has been some talk made about the bail being reduced from \$3,000 to \$2,000. County Attorney Emery said yesterday after the trial that \$2,000 was sufficient bail to warrant his being on hand at the May term of court, if he could get bonds at all. Kinney told the police that unless he got bonds he wanted to be taken to Alfred jail, as he had got enough of the police station.

MASTERS AND PILOTS

Oppose Passage Of Littlefield Anti-Pilotage Measure

The grand harbor of masters and pilots of steam vessels of the United States, the supreme body of the Steamboat Association of the United States, is holding its annual session in Washington. Delegates representing the steamboat men of every important in the country and from St. Michaels, Alaska, and Honolulu are present.

The harbor adopted resolutions protesting against the passage by Congress of the Littlefield anti-pilotage bill, which, if enacted into law, the pilots declare, will be a blow to pilotage below Cape Henry, Va., as it is held that it will leave it optional with the vessel master whether he takes a pilot or not. The protest will be presented to Congress.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO OINTMENT. Tablets will dissolve and melt in the mouth. Price 25¢. F. W. Grove's signature is on box. 25¢

WOULD BE APPRECIATED

A Timetable of Portsmouth and Exeter Railway

The New Hampshire Traction Company would confer a favor on its Portsmouth patrons by issuing a timetables giving the schedule of cars on the Portsmouth and Exeter line and stating what rate is entailed on Sunday. Hourly cars have been run every Sunday until the present week when passengers who left Market square at 9:35 were obliged to wait at the Plains until half past ten.

The Merchants' Exchange might make an effort to have the Exeter cars run into Market square.

FOR ALLEGED THEFT

Man Charged With Stealing Watch At Langdon House

A man charged with stealing a watch at the Langdon House was arrested by the police last evening.

He claims that the owner gave it to him to keep for him.

GRANITE STATE ELKS

Had Their First Banquet At Manchester

WITH AN EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT LAST EVENING

The first banquet of the New Hampshire Association of Elks was given on Wednesday evening in Manchester. There was also an excellent vaudeville entertainment and a dance. Thirty or more members of Portsmouth Lodge of Elks were among those in attendance.

The New Hampshire Association practically came into existence at Keene on April 9, 1905 and its objects are to bring together the Elks of the state, to conduct an annual outing every summer and give an annual banquet every winter.

The banquet of Wednesday evening was a most desirable repast and the assembled Elks enjoyed one of the pleasantest gatherings in the history of their order in New Hampshire.

The entertainment was especially fine, the program being as follows:

Miss Lizzie Otto,
Dot Davenport, Serio-comic vocalist and coon shouter.

Leona Harrington, acrobatic serio-comic dancer.

Kitty Hoffmanns, songs and monologs.

Sarto, the Hindoo dancer.

Brother W. A. Evans of Manchester Lodge of Elks, topical songs.

Henry Myers, black face comedian.

Frances Harrison, comedienne.

Young Sandow and Otis Lamberton exponents of physical culture.

Brother John H. Hayes, P. E. R., Manchester Lodge, topical songs.

La Belle Freda, dancer.

Ed Kelley acted as stage manager and Miss Lizzie Otto was musical director.

The reception committee was composed of the following gentlemen: T. M. Hyde, chairman, H. B. Dunton, W. H. Mara, John C. Ryan, H. W. Harvey, T. J. Dalton, W. A. Doherty, J. Connor.

The principal officers of the state association are Charles P. Bodwell, Manchester, president; Charles H. Williams, Berlin, vice president; Herbert Bow, Portsmouth, secretary; Dr. O. J. Pepin, Dover, treasurer.

DID NOT ARRIVE

Pictures Went Astray, But Were Found in Boston

The opening of the Turner art exhibit at the Y. M. C. A. building on Wednesday evening was unavoidably postponed, owing to the failure of the pictures to arrive. The racks arrived on Wednesday afternoon, but the large trunk containing the pictures and works of art did not put in an appearance.

They were shipped from Cleveland, Mass., Monday morning and were exhibited in the schools of Georgetown. As soon as it was discovered that the pictures had gone astray, Manager Parsons of the local American Express office was notified and he began an investigation. It was learned that the trunk containing them had not been received by the express messenger running between this city and Newburyport and the Turner Art Company was notified by telegraph.

Early in the evening the trunk was located in Boston with no address upon it. It was immediately reshipped and reached this city about nine o'clock.

The exhibit will be opened at three o'clock this afternoon.

POET'S SON DEAD

Expires While Talking to a Friend in Pittsburgh

F. S. Stedman, son of Edmund Clarence Stedman the aged New York poet, whose former summer home was at New Castle, dropped dead at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Tuesday, just after alighting from a train from New York, where he had been to visit his father.

He was one of the best known dunciads of the country.

He started to discuss the coming bench show with a friend and was telling him of some fine entries which he had presented in New York when he pressed his hand to his side and fell dead.

Mr. Stedman was the Pittsburgh agent for several New York publishing houses and an authority on rare books.

The ninth annual entertainment and fair of Wentworth Lodge, Knights of Pythias, closes at New Castle this evening.

The Burglary at the Bishop's

A CHRONICLE OF THE BURGLARS' CLUB

By HENRY A. HERRING

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The bishop of Bister's dinner hour was eight. At 7:55 a servant brought him a card on which was written: "Georgiowitch Kassala, Musch, L. Van Khurd."

"A very awkward time for calling," said the bishop, consulting his watch unnecessarily. Then, with a sigh: "Ask your mistress to postpone dinner ten minutes."

His lordship ambled to the examining room. A man in a loose blue cassock-like garb rose at his entrance—a big-limbed, red-bearded man, with enormous eyebrows.

From his capacious pocket he drew out a bundle of papers. He abstracted one and handed it to the bishop.

"Where is Mr. Kassala?" were the bishop's first words on entering the breakfast room the next morning. Although his lordship had betrayed no consciousness of his existence, Mr. Jones felt that the inquiry was leveled at him.

"I do not know, my lord," he answered.

"John," said the bishop to his butler, "will you inform Mr. Kassala that breakfast is on the table?"

In few minutes John returned with the information that Mr. Kassala's room was empty, that his bed had not been slept in, and that nobody had seen him that morning.

"That is very singular," said his lordship. Then, after a pause, "One hardly likes to say so; but I must confess my confidence in the bona fides of Mr. Kassala has been shaken. You spoke about burglars last night, Maraduke in reference to my crozier, which seemed to have a peculiar attraction for Mr. Kassala. I hope it is safe."

"I put the case on the top of my wardrobe last night, and it was there five minutes ago," said Mr. Percy.

The chaplain was bursting with indignation at Mr. Percy's concealment of his midnight interview with Mr. Kassala. He longed to expose him, but shrank from the necessity of a painful scene.

"Mildred," said Mrs. Dacre suddenly. "Let us look through the drawing room silver at once. I hope the equatorial statuette of your father is safe."

While the ladies were ticking off their household goods, Mr. Percy went to his room to pack, and Mr. Jones followed.

"May I have his lordship's crozier?" asked the chaplain.

"Certainly. Here you are. But you do look unhappy, Jones. What is the matter?"

Mr. Jones took the case without replying.

"The key was in the lock last night," he remarked.

"Was it? Then it must have dropped out somewhere. Perhaps it's on the floor." Both Mr. Percy and the chaplain looked very carefully for it.

"Never mind," said the former after five minutes' fruitless search. "It will probably turn up after I've gone. Remember that I'll be responsible for any damage."

The chaplain was very pale. "Mr. Percy," he said, "I know of your midnight interview with Mr. Kassala."

Mr. Percy fixed his monocle. "Do you, old man?" he replied. "Then I won't be the one to get you into trouble over it. You may rely on me. If you don't say anything, now, good-by. It'll take me all my time to get my things together."

Mr. Jones left the room more bewildered than ever. His lordship, after leaving stringent instructions regarding Mr. Kassala, should again appear, went by the noon train to town with Mr. Percy.

Mr. Jones appeared singularly distract ed all day, and about 11 o'clock at night, with determination on his face, he forced the lock of the crozier case. His worst fears were realized in place of the crozier of ebony, gold and jewels, there reposed in the purple velvet lining a common leather pocket book!

At that very moment the bishop of Bister's crozier lay on the table of London mansion. Twelve men were gathered round it complimenting their host upon it. Their host, by the way, was lately his majesty's secretary of state for Egypt. He was now attending a long and elaborate ceremony in the court of the Egyptian ambassador.

"By the by, I have heard of your son," said one of the men, making a cipher note in a book.

"Gentlemen," said the man in the purple-garbed, rising to his feet and applauding, "I am proud once more to have been able to fulfill the mandate of the Burglars' Club. With your permission, I will now pack up the bag and so that it may be returned by the midnight express, in order to ease the mind of a most worthy man, his bishop's chaplain. But before I do so, I wish to propose a new member to Maraduke Percy. Yesterday he was through my disguise, and did indeed betray me. I believe he believed in a spirit-mate to me, and for that reason I should like to have him become one of us." Mr. Arayatze is seconding.

"Nothing, my lord, nothing," said the unhappy Jones. "I was only too anxious to serve Mr. Kassala."

"Then perhaps you'll follow him to bed," remarked the bishop, dryly. "I hope I shall have a more satisfactory explanation in the morning."

"Only Remedy." Patient—Doctor, I frequently experience a hissing sound in my ears. What would you advise me to do?

Doctor—What is your occupation?

"I'm an actor."

"Then I'd advise you to get some other kind of a job."—Chicago Daily News.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

The Colonial Stock Company

The aim of the management of the Colonial Stock Company is not only equal to any other organization, but to exceed. It is in this way that the patronage that is always accorded this company is earned. The company this season is even better than previously and is headed by the popular and talented young leading man, Rollo Lloyd, who has a universal reputation as a leading man. Some of the very best plays that are being presented this season will be presented during the engagement in a lavish manner with all necessary accessories and embellishments.

Hastily putting on his dressing gown, Mr. Jones followed with nerves strung to their highest tension. This time the Asiatic walked with no uncertain step. He stopped at Mr. Percy's door and tapped gently. The light in the room was turned on, and the door opened by Mr. Percy himself. Mr. Kassala entered, and the door closed noiselessly behind him.

Hastily putting on his dressing gown, Mr. Jones followed with nerves strung to their highest tension. This time the Asiatic walked with no uncertain step. He stopped at Mr. Percy's door and tapped gently. The light in the room was turned on, and the door opened by Mr. Percy himself. Mr. Kassala entered, and the door closed noiselessly behind him.

WILL GODFREY'S LAST LEAP.

It was a sultry afternoon in the middle of August. The hot air, which had a slight haze, hung like a transparent curtain of light and heat. The couch on which Will Godfrey had lain ever since his hunting accident in the spring had a view of a lower garden richly decked with scarlet and gold, and beyond it of the sun-scorched park where oaks, elms, and chestnuts spread great branches, clad in the tiniest foliage of late summer. The deer were huddled together in the shade; there was little sign of stirring life, all Nature seemed asleep.

The doctor was sitting near Will. His eyes at the present moment were so full of sorrow that he dared not raise them. There had been a consultation that morning with a great London surgeon, and the result was supposed to be favorable—life might possibly be prolonged under certain conditions.

Will was a man of almost gigantic build. He looked like Goliath laid low. Goliath dying by inches instead of by one swift stroke from his own sword.

"How long will this go on, doctor?" he said, abruptly, looking at his friend with great wistful eyes.

The doctor did not speak for a moment. He raised his eyes, but not to his patient's face; they wandered round the room, the walls of which were full of pictures of hunting scenes.

"How long will this go on?" he repeated, insistently.

"It may be for months—even years. You are suffering from creeping paralysis, but that is often very slow."

"There is no hope for recovery, not even of partial recovery, doctor?"

"God knows I wish there were: that's one of the hardest parts of a doctor's life, the being unable to do more than patch up a magnificent frame like yours."

"There was a rabbit once, half-killed and quivering—we knocked it on the head and put it out of its pain; we didn't leave it in its misery; we didn't feed it up to prolong the anguish. And the very horse which fell with me, whose legs were broken, was shot, that very hour; it wasn't left to linger. Man is less cruel than God. Man understands—God does not."

"Hush," said the doctor gently. He was a man of great reverence of thought and feeling.

Evelyn Godfrey came in at that moment, a beautiful woman with a singularly near, girlish face and an extraordinary expression of vitality. She was pale, with a soft, creamy pallor and had black eyebrows and intensely gray, black-fringed eyes.

She waited till the doctor had gone, and then knelt down by her husband and stroked his hand.

"I was thought an idle man, wasn't I, Lyn?" he said, softly, smiling at her—oh, what a sad smile it was!—"but I made a business of sport and active games; there was no season of the year when time hung heavy on my hands. There was hunting in the winter and early spring, fly fishing in May, grouse shooting in August, partridge and pheasant shooting afterward, and between whiles golf."

"Doesn't it hurt you to talk about it?" said Lyn, with a break in her voice.

"No—it's the only comfort I have. I never knew I had such a strong imagination. I shut my eyes and see the very scenes where I have been so happy—the golf links, the meet at the crossroads, the moors, the covers—but sometimes all the pictures run into another like a kaleidoscope."

"Shall I read to you?" said Lyn, gently.

"No—talk to me. You're a good woman, Lyn, aren't you?"

"Do you know what I said to the doctor?"

She shook her head.

"I spoke of a rabbit that had been wounded to death, whose condition was hopeless. I said if a man saw that animal he would immediately put it out of its pain; he would be thought a brute if he didn't. The mere brutes are better off than men—they're not allowed to live when existence means torture. And yet the two cases can't be compared for suffering; the brute has a certain amount of physical pain, but that's all; it has no imagination to paint pictures of never-to-be-had again delight, no highly strung nerves to increase its agony tenfold."

"But the mere brute isn't taken care of, nursed tenderly," said Lyn.

"That's only a refinement of cruelty when there's no hope, Little woman," he went on, gravely looking at her with very kind eyes. "You married a strong man fond of sport, full of the joy of living, to whom life meant health and strength and a roaring good time; this cripple lying on a stretcher is really a stranger to you."

"Ah, don't say that," she cried, imploringly, stretching out her hand. "It must be true. I'm a stranger to myself. I can't imagine myself chained to this stretcher unable to move without pain. It's not Will Godfrey who is lying here—no, Will Godfrey is the man I think about in my dreams, leaping the ditches on a chill spring morning, or marching over the grouse moors with a gun—not this corpse of a man, dead to everything he loved."

"But am I nothing to you?" sobbed poor Lyn, who felt that her cup of anguish was indeed full.

"I'm not, so to say, a good man," Will went on dreamily. Churchogoing bored me, and that's the truth. I went because you liked it, darling, and because it was the right thing for the squire at the Hall, example, and all

Narrow minded man—The Indian.

Water With Juniper Berry Flavor. That sailors at sea find the waters of the Dismal Swamp the most potable of any to be had is not wholly explained by the fact that they have the quality of keeping sweet in barrels on shipboard longer than others. What keeps them sweet is a large infusion of juniper berries; and water with a moderate flavoring of juniper berries is better than any gin that can nowadays be bought in the open market.—Providence Journal.

A well known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instructions to half a dozen students, according to the Medical Age. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said:

"Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case of operation?"

One by one each student made his diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel, "and I shall operate tomorrow."

She looked out at the meadowland as if it were all settled. Libby would have to tell her.

"Ma," she said, "it's no use to write to Dave."

"Why not?" she demanded, in a half-frightened, half-aggressive voice.

"I'll tell him, ma."

"What do you say? Something about my place? Are you

LIBBY THE UNLOVED.

Libby Anderson hung the dishcloth on its accustomed nail, and stood there surveying it. It was plain from the way she looked, that she had determined to speak.

"Ma," she asked of the woman who was sitting before the little round stove, "what were those papers Dave put in his pocket as I came in?"

"Some things he was showin' me."

"Ma," she asked quivering, "you didn't sign anything, did you?"

"I didn't sign your name to anything." And the needles clashed again.

She knew her mother too well to press further.

"I just couldn't understand Dave coming here this time of year," she ventured; "and I thought he acted queer."

The old woman was folding her knitting.

"I'm going to bed, and you'd better come along, too," was her reply.

A week went by, and although Libby had twice forgotten to feed the chickens, and had several times let the kettle burn dry, she was beginning to feel more settled in her mind.

She did up the work one morning and went to town.

Her first call was at the solicitor's, and here she heard the worst. Ma had assigned their home to Dave. She did not make any fuss; she was too old-fashioned for hysterics.

It was not until the old place came in sight that she broke down.

"It's not fair," she cried out, "when I've stayed here and worked—it's not fair!" And, for the first time in many years, she was crying—passionately crying.

It was a feeling of outraged justice that made her speak, for she was just a woman—the daughter of pa.

"Ma," she said, "do you think pa

would like to think of you assigning the place to Dave, when I've stayed here and kept it up the best I could for twenty years?"

"I think you don't realize what you've done," she said; and turned to the bedroom to take off her things.

It was not until the next month, the blustering month of March that all was made clear. It was early in the afternoon when Libby looked from the window and saw a man coming in at the big gate.

"That friend of Dave's from the city is coming, ma," she said.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, "and it's a day as 'tis!"

The stranger warmed his hands, and dismissed a number of pleasantries.

"Well, Mrs. Anderson," he said finally, "your son wants me to make a little proposition to you."

Mrs. Anderson looked pleasantly expectant.

"Dave's always makin' propositions," she chuckled.

"He's been a good man, a sain upon earth. There's no one could throw a stone at father. I am the youngest and quite different from all the rest, and people said I was fast because I liked hunting and sports of all kinds, and some one spoke to father and said that it was a scandal that an Evangelical clergyman's daughter should care for such things. And father"—Evelyn's voice broke—"he took me into his study—I was seventeen then—and he made me tell him just how I felt, and he said I had my grandfather's blood in my veins. (Grandfather had lived in the bush, and that was where father was born.) And father said it would be cruel to stifle all the desires and instincts which were mine by nature, and he saved up and bought me a horse, and, as you know, I used to go to the meets, and it was there I met you, Will."

Will looked at his wife, and his face lighted up.

"He was a good man, a sain upon earth. There's no one could throw a stone at father. I am the youngest and quite different from all the rest, and people said I was fast because I liked hunting and sports of all kinds, and some one spoke to father and said that it was a scandal that an Evangelical clergyman's daughter should care for such things. And father"—Evelyn's voice broke—"he took me into his study—I was seventeen then—and he made me tell him just how I felt, and he said I had my grandfather's blood in my veins. (Grandfather had lived in the bush, and that was where father was born.) And father said it would be cruel to stifle all the desires and instincts which were mine by nature, and he saved up and bought me a horse, and, as you know, I used to go to the meets, and it was there I met you, Will."

She paused a moment out of breath, trying to choose the right words for the many thoughts which crowded in.

"I want to try to remember what father said—the very words; they were something like this: He said he could understand because he was my father, and that was why God understood He knows all about us through and through, and He wishes us to be our best selves, as we are. You are a sportsman and an outdoor man, and He cares for you like that, and He'll make you happy in your own way, not in some one else's way. And you don't want any teaching about some things."

After that Will lay quite still with his eyes half closed. In a few minutes he was fast asleep, breathing regularly like a child. It was evidently a happy slumber. He was dreaming, and the dream was vivid and intensely real. His lips were curved in an almost joyful smile.

After a short interval he began to speak.

"The mare is fresh today, Evelyn," he murmured in his sleep. "This is our first ride together since my accident. Oh, it's good to be well!"

"Yes," she answered, in a low, clear voice, which had the ring of laughter in it. "It's good to be riding together again, you and I, you on the Black Princess and I on Star."

He turned to Libby.

"How soon do you think you could move? By the first of May?"

"I suppose so," she answered, in a dull voice.

April came, and for the fiftieth time the old woman watched the white give way to the green on the hills that curved in and out around her old home.

As long as she could, Libby let her have her dream. Her heart was not hard toward me now. Ma had not understood. And Libby was glad she could have those few spring days before she was torn from the old home.

"Ma," she began one morning in April, "I will have to be packing up this week."

"Packing up what?"

"Why, don't you remember, ma, we're going to town the first of May?"

"Oh, la, Libby, I've give that up long ago! I'm going to die on the old place."

"But you know, ma, the arrangements have all been made. I'm afraid we'll have to go."

She turned to her crossly.

"There's no use to argue w/ me, Libby Anderson, I ain't goin'!"

"But what about Dave?"

"You can just jest write Dave, and say his mother don't want to leave the place. Dave won't have nothin' furher to say."

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel, "and I shall operate tomorrow."

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

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One by one each student made his diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative.

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SMALL PROFITS AND PROSPERITY

That small profits go to make up the very considerable prosperity of New Hampshire appears to be a fact not to be successfully denied. Our own county of Rockingham, which contains the largest number of farms of any county in the state, must be the most interested, for it is the small profits of the truck, vegetable and poultry farms that make up such a surprising aggregate for the state as a whole. Just what this aggregate is, can be only estimated, but it is sufficiently evident after even a cursory examination that it must be larger than any one would at first suppose.

Hitherto Tennessee has been the state of truck and poultry farms, but the volume of summer trade catered to, and the increased amount of outward freight business done by the Boston and Maine railroad in the Granite state, show that we must be not far from first place.

The lesser farm products have in the past, we believe, received too little attention from the farmer in this state. The egg industry, for instance, last year approximated over half a billion dollars,—to be exact, \$500,000,000. What other staple is there which, considering the amount of capital invested, makes as good a showing as this? The hen has always been appreciated up here among the hills as well as along our short strip of seacoast, the most important part of which is that within Portsmouth's limits.

Dairying, too, goes hand in hand with farming. It is estimated that the money output from the milk and butter products of the United States is about three-quarters of a billion dollars,—the figures are in the neighborhood of \$650,000,000. This branch has by no means been followed in New Hampshire as vigorously as it might have been, but with the coming of improved dairying methods, and the increase of knowledge—which is power—concerning its necessary profit making features, it has increased greatly during the past two or three years.

As to location for transportation facilities, there could hardly be any improvement on New Hampshire's. Not only is a very great part of the dairy products used in Massachusetts shipped from this state over the Boston and Maine railroad, but the same is also true of the very cattle disposed of in the big suburban markets. Most of these latter shipments are made, we believe, from Cheshire county.

Midshipman J. C. McDermott appointed to the Naval Academy from Tennessee, has resigned because he dislikes the service and his resignation has been accepted.

Among naval officers temporarily in Washington are Lieut. Comdr. A. Rust, Lieut. E. C. Kalbfuss, Lieut. John K. Robinson and Lieut. Comdr. Dyer, military governor of Guam.

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The jury is said to have stood six to six, and was discharged at 5.40 p.m.

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If, as President Roosevelt suggests, the frigate Constitution is restored and sent to the naval academy at Annapolis, will the historic old vessel have to submit to the ignominy of hazing?

NEWS OF THE NAVY

Pressure is being brought to induce the navy department to send the dismantled monitor Canonius to the Jamestown exposition as an exhibition. It is estimated that it would require the expenditure of \$10,000 to make the hulk presentable, and even then she would be more a disappointment than a gratifying spectacle, according to the views of naval officers.

The naval committee office of the bureau of equipment has been transferred from the basement of the navy department to the naval observatory.

Plans for the new battleships are being drawn, with provisions for reciprocating engines, regardless of the report that one at least would be equipped with turbine engines.

The department has decided to take the Sylvia away from the Maryland naval militia and repair her at the Norfolk navy yard. After she is repaired she will probably be used for the training of enlisted men. In like manner the Portsmouth has been sent to New York navy yard for repairs.

Repairs have been authorized on the Celtic with a view of making her the supply ship of the Atlantic fleet. She will take on her first trip about \$40,000 worth of provisions, the largest shipment ever sent to an American fleet. It will include 400,000 pounds fresh beef, 10,000 pounds fresh mutton, 20,000 pounds fresh chicken, 300,000 pounds potatoes and 10,000 pounds cheese.

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OUR EXCHANGES

The Old Story
Have all the songs been sung, my dear?
And is there nothing new—
Some melody that strikes the ear
As strains of music do.
That have an art to touch the heart—
Some unexpected tune
To push the winter's doors apart
And breathe the air of June?

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DIARY ENTRIES

Made By Josiah F. Adams Of This City

JAN. 1, 1876, THERMOMETER
MARKED 76 DEGREES

The Local Celebration Of The Centen-
nial Mentioned

PORTSMOUTH BARK THAT SAILED INDIAN
SEAS -- OTHER NOTES

The remarkably warm weather rec-
ord for Sunday, Monday and Tuesday
of this week as given in The Her-
ald has reminded Josiah F. Adams,
one of Portsmouth's aged and respect-
ed residents, of a record made by
him on Jan. 1, 1876, as follows:

"No snow on the ground. Quite
warm, seventy-six degrees in the sun,
and wind southwest." The "heated
term" so to speak, continued for
three days.

Then followed this record on the
same date, Jan. 1, 1876, and concerning
the observance of the centennial
of America:

"With The Portsmouth Artillery
Company in a field near the South
pond. At twelve o'clock (midnight)
thirty-eight guns were fired, one for
each state. We had two brass field
pieces. Rang the Universalist bell at
7:20 a.m. one hour. At sunset fired
another salute of thirty-eight guns at
the same place. Quite warm in the
evening. Had a centennial meeting
at that time in the Temple." It was
during this patriotic salute firing
service that Mr. Adams' hearing be-
came affected. His duty was the
passing of cartridges to the gunner.

Other old time records from the
same gentleman's treasure box have
been shown to this reporter, and
from which we herewith note the
following:

"On Oct. 22, 1845, sailed from this
port the bark Ann Parry of Ports-
mouth, Captain Dennett, for the In-
dian Ocean on a whaling trip.

"Launched on Saturday, June 21,
1845, from the shipyard on Badger's
Island the beautiful ship Judah Touro
of 750 tons. She is owned by Capt.
Daniel Marcy of this town and Messrs
Judah Touro and R. D. Shepard of
New Orleans, and was built by Fern-
ald and Pettigrew. She sailed July
28, 1845 at quarter past seven o'clock.
Capt. Daniel Marcy commander. She

may be considered as a fair specimen
of Portsmouth shipbuilding.

"The Columbus, a three decked
ship of about 1500 tons, the largest
merchantman perhaps in the United
States was launched from the yard
of Messrs. Fernald and Pettigrew at

ORDERED BY BONAPARTE
Discharge of Between 2,000 and
3,000 Men From Navy Yards

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION FOR
Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Con-
stipation, Sore Headache, Nausea, Giddiness, Ma-
laria, Heartburn, Flatulence, Jaundice, etc.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS
"Liver the Liver."

Used over Seventy Years
the strongest testimental to their
reliability. They
make, and keep
you well no need
to take them continu-
ously.

Purely Vegetable.
Absolutely Harmless.
For sale everywhere,
25 cents a box, or by
mail.

Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son
Philadelphia, Pa.

Kenilworth Inn
Baltimore, near Asheville, N.C.

There is no scenery in the world
that will compare with the view from
this palace. Located on highest point
in Asheville. Surrounded by one of
the finest parks of 100 acres with
springs and winding macadamized paths—Mt. Mitchell in full view. Dry
invigorating climate, adjoining Baltimore Estate, magnificently furnished
residence unsurpassed. Orchestra, golf,
hockey, hunting and fishing.
Open all the year. Write for book-
let.

EDGAR B. MOORE, - - PROPRIETOR

Badger's Island on Saturday, the 25th
day of September, 1847, at quarter of
twelve. She is a magnificent vessel,
owned by Messrs. D. and A. Kings-
land of New York City, who intend
to run her as a freighter between that
place and Liverpool. She is to be
commanded by Capt. Robert McCann."

Mr. Adams carefully cherishes an
indenture of his first service as clerk
and which is embodied in the follow-
ing:

"Josiah F. Adams commenced in
William Rand's store, Nov. 20, 1845,
for two years at six dollars per month
being seventy-two dollars per year."

Mr. Rand kept a grocery store for
many years on Ceres street and it
was here that the subject of this
sketch got his initial business
education, but he was released before
the two years had passed and with a
highly complimentary letter of recom-
mendation, from his late employer
which is still preserved.

Mr. Adams' next service was as
follows:

"Josiah F. Adams commenced in
Joseph P. Morse's shop Dec. 1, 1846,
at seven dollars per month." This
was a periodical store.

Fifty-four years ago and when ale
was not manufactured in Portsmouth
Mr. Adams was one of the first to
introduce it here for sale. Among his
treasure trove relics he shows us a
bill dated April 26, 1852, for twelve
barrels of the beverage which was
brought to this port on the schooner
Amelia and consigned to him. The
supply was bought in New York of a
firm long since retired, whose pre-
served card reads as follows:

Samuel Wescott
BERGEN ALE
PALE, AMBER and BROWN
For shipping and city use
Office, 102 Murray street
New York

Mr. Adams recalls that the introduc-
tion of ale created quite a demand
for it in Portsmouth and vicinity, and
that he received many orders for it
in bulk. It would hardly have been
believed that after a lapse of fifty-
four years this city would have three
mammoth breweries in operation for
the manufacture of ale.

Finally, and embraced in Mr. Ad-
ams' relics is a gruesome thing—a
part of the sill of the window at
Smutty-Nose island, Isles of Shoals,
through which Mrs. John Hontvet
jumped when she discovered that
Louis H. F. Wagner had murdered
the two Christenson sisters. It will
be thirty-three years ago that this
fearful tragedy was committed—on
March 6, 1873.

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port the bark Ann Parry of Ports-
mouth, Captain Dennett, for the In-
dian Ocean on a whaling trip.

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Island the beautiful ship Judah Touro
of 750 tons. She is owned by Capt.
Daniel Marcy of this town and Messrs
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Capt. Daniel Marcy commander. She

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of Portsmouth shipbuilding.

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ship of about 1500 tons, the largest
merchantman perhaps in the United
States was launched from the yard
of Messrs. Fernald and Pettigrew at

The following dispatch has been
sent out from Washington:

Secretary Bonaparte has issued an
order directing another reduction in
the force of the navy yards of the
country which will affect between
2000 and 3000 men and save the gov-
ernment approximately \$200,000 a
month.

The order together with the one is-
sued on Tuesday decreasing the
force of the steam engineering de-
partment at the navy yards, will
cause the dismissal of between 3000
and 4000 men and result in a saving
of about \$320,000 a month.

The new order applies to the bu-
reaus of equipment, ordnance and
construction and repair.

"**MARTIN**" FOUND
(Continued from first page.)

the story, the Brooklyn police have
communicated with the Massachusetts
authorities and will hold the
prisoner until they learn from them
whether or not they desire to come
on here to question the man.

The man accused by his wife gave
the name of John MacIsaac. Mrs
MacIsaac declares that at about the
time of the Page murder, and prior to
her marriage to him, MacIsaac was
employed as a barber at the Plaza
Hotel, Boston, where he was known
as J. L. Morton. Charles L. Tucker
was convicted of the murder of the
Page girl.

Man Was Wanted

Boston, Jan. 25.—During the trial
of Tucker at East Cambridge a year
ago the name J. L. Morton played an
important part. When the police
examined the Page premises at Weston
following the murder they found
on the floor of one of the rooms a
small piece of paper bearing the ad-
dress "J. L. Morton, Charlestown,
Mass." written in pencil. The
prosecution sought to show by handwriting
experts that the address was
written by Tucker. Neither the pro-
secution nor the defense was able
however, to find any J. L. Morton up
to the time of the trial.

given, which were well deserved.
The floor was under the direction
of Past President William P. Miskell
and his assistants were Prevident

FIRST ANNUAL

Concert And Ball Last
Evening

BY THE FRATERNAL ORDER
OF EAGLES

Many Participants In Affair At Peirce
Hall

AN EVENING OF MORE THAN ORDINARY
PLEASURE ENJOYED

There was plenty of enjoyment and
no fault to be found by anybody who
attended the first annual ball of Mer-
cedes Aerie, No. 682, Fraternal Order
of Eagles, at Peirce Hall on Wednes-
day evening.

The affair was just what the Eagles

John Logue and Vice President John
W. Dunn.

The following is the list of and
order of events:

- Order of Dances
- Grand March and Circle
- 1. WALZT To the first
- 2. TWO STEP It's still growing
- 3. QUADRILLE First Hatching of the Eagles

POSITIVE PROOF

Should Convince the Greatest Skeptic
in Portsmouth

Because it's the evidence of a
Portsmouth citizen.

Testimony easily investigated.

The strongest endorsement of
merit.

The best of proof. Read it:

Joseph C. Pettigrew, shoe dealer,

37 Congress St., and living at 12 Lexington St., Portsmouth, N. H., says:

"Some two months ago I began to have trouble with my eyes and was subject to attacks of dizziness which were very annoying. I got glasses, but wearing them did not seem to remedy the trouble. I decided I had kidney trouble and as I had heard Doan's Kidney Pills recommended highly I procured a box at Philbrick's Pharmacy. I had not taken a whole box before there was a great improvement. I do not have the dizzy spells any more and am able to see all right without glasses. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a valuable kidney remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

USE OF VERIFORM APPENDIX.

Acts Like an Air Bulb in Clearing Intestinal Passage.

Among the latest to advance expert opinions on the mission of the mysterious veriform appendix is Philip Schuch, Jr., the chemist, who declares his belief that the appendix is a bulb attached to the intestine for use as a receptacle for air and with the same operation as that of the bulb of a syringe.

Mr. Schuch has been a chemist for seventeen years. Within the past two years he has taken up the study of appendicitis, and many experiments have resulted in the development of the theory which he has just announced.

"The appendix is a small bulb," said Mr. Schuch, "and the opening into the intestine is large enough to admit a good sized needle. I have proved conclusively to myself that air congregates in this bulb, and that it acts in the same manner as the bulb on a syringe or the chamber of a force pump, in giving material assistance to the expulsion of the contents of the intestine."

The causes of appendicitis are as follows: The eating of much indigestible food, such as insoluble gritty stuffs and substances, which are converted into glucose through the action of gastric juices and acids in the system; the lack of sufficient masticate juice to properly digest the food in the stomach, and eating in haste, without sufficient time for the proper mixing of the saliva with the food.

Appendicitis occurs much more frequently among those who live expensively and partake of many luxuries. All this food is easily and quickly converted into glucose, or a gummy substance that lines the interior of the intestine with thin but impenetrable coating. This closes the opening to the appendix.

"Now, in the event that a strong dose of physic is taken and this lining is quickly dissolved, the aperture of the appendix is opened. The air in the intestine, carrying with it a certain quantity of matter, will enter the appendix suddenly, distending it, and subjecting its walls to considerable strain. The matter from the intestine will thus remain in the appendix. The particles, containing a large number of noxious germs, will cling to the sides and irritation will eventually begin. This will develop into inflammation and finally ulceration. A person will then have trouble with his appendix, and an operation will sooner or later have to be performed to remove the ulcerated organ."

"A person can live without his appendix, just as one can live without eyes. So long as the man without the appendix is careful of his diet and his condition he will not suffer. Statistics show that a large per cent of those operated upon eventually go insane and die as a result of the operation. I have studied this question several years and I am convinced that the removal of the appendix before it is made absolutely necessary by decay is unwise and unwarranted."

Ways of Siberians.

Some interesting phases of Siberian life are described in Samuel Turner's book on that country. Of the exiles he writes: "When I told a Siberian friend that I carried a revolver as a protection against wolves, I was promptly informed that I had much more reason to fear the human wolves I might encounter, and this I found, was a general view of the case. About one-third of the criminal exiles escape all control. Armed with a stick, to which is attached a strong piece of cord or catgut, they will approach the unwary traveler from behind, throw the cord around his neck, and quietly strangle him by twisting the stick, to rob him at their leisure of whatever he may possess, or secure his passport in order to make their escape from the country."

Great is the butter making of Siberia, and greater, says Mr. Turner, is to become—a region that might supply half mankind with butter: "There are, however, peasants who, for one reason or another, refuse to sell their milk or turn it into butter. The owner of a farm, not far from the station of Tagui was asked by a Danish friend why he did not sell the milk from his 200 cows to the neighboring dairy. He replied that his grandfather and his father had not sold milk before him, and that he saw no reason why he should do so, he was sure the Lord would not like it."

Here is a familiar picture which the author saw from the Siberian railway as he traveled on it, day after day, across the sea of steppes: "We often passed sledges going in the same direction as our train, and sometimes, when the horses took flight at the engine, they maintained the same speed as the train for considerable distances, frequently ramming the trees by overturning the sledges and scattering their occupants."

Old World "R. F. D."

Postal conditions in the interior of Turkey are still in a patriarchal stage of evolution. When a postman arrives in a village on muleback he distributes the letters in a public place, giving each his own, and then putting the undelivered ones in the hands of relatives or acquaintances of those to whom they are addressed. Yet it is said that 99 per cent never reach their destination.

In Russia one-half of the whole sum of direct taxes is borne by the agriculturists.

A Persian Confidence Game.

A pork butcher of the Latin quarter in Paris was asked for credit by a piteous little Italian boy with a violin. The lad told how his mother and sister were supperless in their garret. Not a sou had the poor little musician made that day. If he left his violin as a pledge would not the pork butcher let him have a string of sausages? The compassionate tradesman agreed at once and the boy handing over his instrument, went off with a plentiful supper. The next day a well dressed man, happening to look in at the shop, saw the violin, examined it and started back in surprise. Did the pork butcher know what a treasure he had? It was a Stradivarius, worth any amount.

Having heard the story of the Italian boy, the well dressed gentleman proposed that the tradesman should buy the instrument. If he got it for \$150 it would be dirt cheap; and the well dressed person himself could sell it for him afterward for ten times that amount. The boy came to pay for his sausages and to claim the violin, "Sell it!" he exclaimed when asked by the pork butcher. "Never, for it is the only treasure left me from my grandfather, to whose grandfather it had belonged before that."

At last, however, having gone home to consult his mother, he agreed. Embracing his beloved violin, with tears in his eyes, he parted with it for \$30. The supposed amateur never turned up. The pork butcher took the violin to a dealer, who pronounced it to be worth 75 cents.

Care of Furniture.

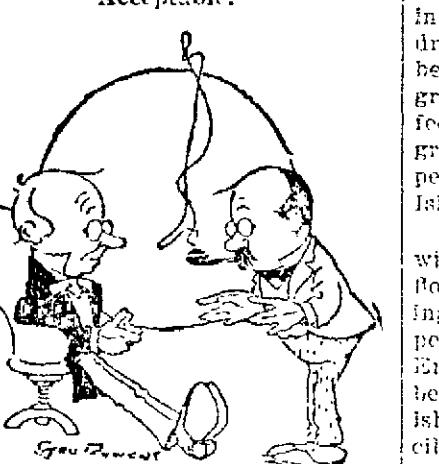
Furniture can be unhealthy in many ways. If too dark it is depressing to the vitality; if too large it takes up valuable air space. Generally, it is a great refuge for dust. Now, we get a very large proportion of our diseases through dust, and it is therefore essential to do everything that we can to prevent its accumulation.

The tops of bookcases and wardrobes are usually bordered by cornices, and become what might be called cells of dry mud. Here the deadly microbe breeds and multiplies, finally entering our bodies.

These danger places should be covered with strong paper, pasted to the edges of the cornice, and then it would be easy to remove the dust on each room cleaning day. Great care should be taken to sweep the dust from under valanced beds and heavy pieces of furniture.

Heavy, thick curtains should be often taken down and well shaken in the open air. And if possible they should have no place in the sleeping rooms. All corners, especially dark ones, should be cleaned with a damp cloth. Dusting ought always to be effected with a soft, damp cloth, which should be washed frequently. It is better to burn dust, for if thrown in the ashpit it is liable to be blown again into the house.

Acceptable.

 Bailiff—What did they do with the deaf prisoner?
Attorney—Gave him a hearing.

"Mama" and "Papa."

German chauvinism penetrates everywhere nowadays. Some earnest Teutons have started the idea that German children must drop the words "Mama" and "Papa" in favor of "Mutte" (mother) and "Vater" (father). "How," say they, "can anybody prefer the unmeaning 'Mama' to the deep and impressive 'Mutter'?" Nothing can replace for a German the word "Mutter" certainly not the French "Mama."

A certain philologist, however, asks how it can be suggested that the word "Mama" is derived from the French, saying that it is probably to be found in all languages of the world.

In the numerous dialects of Africa and in India the word for mother is "Mama."

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"We often passed sledges going in the same direction as our train, and sometimes, when the horses took flight at the engine, they maintained the same speed as the train for considerable distances, frequently ramming the trees by overturning the sledges and scattering their occupants."

BOUDOIR CHAT.

Don't worry. Worry wears you out quickly.

When the hands are in bad condition of chapping or redness cocaine gloves will heal them more quickly than anything else.

Don't wear rings that are too small; the inevitable result is disfigurement—red and swollen hands and knuckles.

Creams containing animal fats are liable to cause a growth of down, and for that reason should be avoided.

For the bay flower bath fill a small bag with the blossoms, put in a kettle of water and boil fifteen minutes. Strain and pour the decoction into the bath. This bath, according to Father Kneipp, opens the pores and dissolves the effete matter shut up in the body.

CIVILIZATION AND INSANITY.

This and Cigarettes Responsible for Increased Number.

Civilization, cigarettes, and drink are the three great causes of insanity in England, says Dr. Forbes Winslow, in the New York American.

The proportion of insane because of love affairs is small—6.5 per cent, in men and 1.7 in women. We are getting better in this respect. At the present moment there is not so much sentiment as there used to be. I do not really think, except in the case of the silly attachments of boys and girls, that there is much real love nowadays.

Matrimonial matters are regarded more rationally. Blind, unreasoning devotion is a thing almost of the past.

"A good deal of madness," continued Dr. Winslow, "is governed by the laws of hereditary; and, although a person predisposed to madness may successfully undergo enormous mental strain, the collapse must come—not because of the strain, but on account of the predisposition."

"And what, in your experience, are the prime causes of insanity at this day?"

"Alcohol must be given first place. No one could be found mad enough to deny that it is a brain poison; and the insanity due, directly or indirectly to drink is appalling. Then there is the use of tobacco—in the shape of cigarettes particularly; I do not say pipe smoking is harmful unless carried to excess. But the use of cigarettes—especially on an empty stomach—is a very potent factor in the making of a lunatic."

Dr. Winslow contended also that his experience and the statistics of lunacy throughout the world prove conclusively that the more civilized the area the more insanity there is produced.

"There is," he said, "practically no lunacy among Asiatics or the natives of Africa or other extensive territories, but sparsely populated. Wherever the arts and sciences are studied to the highest perfection lunacy must abound."

Flowers That People Eat.

One of the best known of edible flowers is the nasturtium. Usually the showy and warm tasting blossoms are served, in conjunction with the young leaves, in the form of a salad; but they are frequently boiled, and in some remote country districts they are dried, pulverized and used as a condiment.

Cowpea puddings are highly esteemed in England. It takes some thousands of blossoms, however, to make a family dish, and to many even not over-sentimental people such a disposition of one Nature's fairest gifts will seem something akin to outrage. It is sweet and succulent, without being sickly, with a peculiar and delicious flavor of its own, reminiscent of honey, but heavenly transformed and etherealized.

Cloves which are used so largely in many ordinary operations, are the dried and prepared flowers of a beautiful evergreen tree, which grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, and is a native of the small group of islands in the Indian Archipelago called the Moluccas, or Spice Islands.

The capers in the sauce you use with your boiled mutton are pickled flowers. The caper plant is a trailing, thorny shrub, in habits and appearance not very much unlike the English bramble, and bears a number of handsome blooms of a pinkish-white color. It is cultivated in Sicily and the south of France. In commercial circles capers are valued according to the period at which the flowers are gathered.

Undoubtedly, however, the most common of all edible blossoms is the broccoli, or cauliflower, which is merely the inflorescence of the plant modified by cultivation so as to form the compact, succulent white mass, or head, with which we are all more or less familiar.

Yezd, a City of Mud.

"One of the most extraordinary cities of the world is Yezd, in central Persia," writes a traveler. "It is situated in the midst of a vast salt desert which stretches for hundreds of miles in all directions. The nearest inhabited place of any size is Isfahan, and that is 200 miles away. The inhabitants of Yezd who have been away from Yezd during their lives number, perhaps, two or three more, and the bulk of these have not extended their travels further than to Shiraz or Kirman in the one direction, or to Isfahan in the other. Yet between 50,000 and 60,000 people make the place their home. For ninety-nine out of every 100 of these the great outside world has not merely no interest—it has absolutely no existence at all."

"Yezd is a city made almost entirely of mud. Not only are the houses built of this material, but the very furniture, the firepans, the barrels for grain, the children's toys, the bread receptacles, even the beds, are simply mud, molded into a rough form and dried in the sun.

In the Yezd shops the goods, meat, mud, are displayed on tiers of mud ledges, and there is a mud room behind. The bakers' ovens are of mud, down to the very doors. Many of the Yezdis even eat mud and develop an unwholesome muddy complexion in consequence."

Friendly Tip.

Perry—Really, I'm afraid people fail to understand me, don't you know?

Agnes—Then why don't you learn to talk English?

Agnes—Women have far clearer minds than men.

Agnes—Naturally; they change them so often.—Town Topics.

POINTS ABOUT POTATOES.

In cooking this valuable vegetable, to obtain the best advantages let it be remembered always that mealy potatoes are most easily digested, that old potatoes are more beneficial than new ones and that close waxy potatoes are unwholesome.

Wilting, shriveled potatoes must always be put to soak well in cold water for some hours, as must also potatoes which have become frozen slightly.

Raw potatoes when pared should be dropped at once into clear, cold water until put on to cook, or they will become badly discolored.

For boiling or baking potatoes of uniform size should be selected that all may be cooked equally.

Always wash or scrub well with a small brush, potatoes which are to be cooked in their skins.

To boil potatoes properly, put down in boiling water and let boil moderately until soft enough to pierce through with a fork. Drain off all the water immediately and thoroughly, or the potatoes will become soggy, losing their mealy quality. Sprinkle with salt.

Shake the vessel up and down well—dislodging and separating each potato, and in the process exposing each to the air for a few seconds. Cover over with a napkin or clean towel and set on the range shelf to keep hot for five minutes before serving.

BECOMING COLORS.

The tint of the orange is becoming to the brunette with a fair complexion.

For the blonde the delicate yellow of ripe corn is beautifying.

Bright green is becoming to the pale, but clear, skin, but not to a high or muddled complexion.

Violet is wearable only for a face quite free from yellow tints.

Blue is remarkably becoming to fair skins, but only the darkest shades are favorable to brunettes.

Creamy white is almost universally becoming and the introduction of cream lace makes an otherwise impossible color wearable.

Black is flattering to blonde, but if she be not fair enough to look well in black an admixture of her own especial color is permissible.

Usually the soft-toned grays look well with yellow or brown hair.

Browns are becoming to the clear skin crowned with golden or brown hair.

Red is becoming to either blonde or brunette, so that the skin be fair enough or dark enough and provided it is just the right shade of the hue.

Vanishing Home.

People who know what a home is are not so many as middle-aged men and women think, and they who never had one will hardly be expected to join in the lament at its gradual disappearance, says the Brooklyn Eagle. That it is going out of fashion there is not a doubt. Every new pile of flats, every conversion of a dwelling to a boarding house, is elegant of the circumstance. The modern family shifts from one tenement to another, loses or damages its goods in the transit, but as constantly losing the old, and is without quiet and retirement and peace. The older people regret the change; the younger have no standards by which to measure it.

An Antiphony of Love.

A poet has said that "as for Browning's love for his wife, nothing more tender and chivalrous has ever been told of ideal lovers in an ideal romance. It is so beautiful a story that one often prefers it to the sweetest or loftiest poem that comes from the lips of either." True; yet the lives of the two as poets make the story what it is. Their lives, indeed, were poems, as Milton said poets' lives should be, and their poetry was their life, as Mrs. Browning said should also be true of poets. The world could spare neither the lives nor the poems, and especially would it be poor without those poems in which each sang of the other. Take these together, was there ever, in all the treasury of the world's literature, so angelical an antiphony of love, anthonied by the two radiant and immortal lovers themselves?—Century.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Effect Oct. 8, 1905.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a.m., 2.21, 5.00, 7.28 p.m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.00 a.m., 2.21, 5.00 p.m. For Portland—8.55, 10.45 a.m., 3.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p.m. Sunday, 10.05, 10.45 a.m., 8.45, 11.35 p.m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a.m., 2.55, 5.22 p.m. Sunday 10.05 a.m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9.55 a.m., 2.55, 5.22 p.m. Sunday 10.05 a.m.

For North Conway—9.55 a.m., 2.55 p.m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a.m., 2.40, 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p.m.

For Rockport—9.45, 9.55 a.m., 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p.m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a.m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p.m. Sunday, 10.05, 10.45 a.m., 8.47 p.m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a.m., 5.00 p.m. Sunday, 8.00 a.m., 5.00 p.m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a.m., 5.00 p.m. Sunday 8.00 a.m., 5.00 p.m.

Trains For Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a.m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.15, 7.00, 10.00 p.m. Sunday 4.00, 8.20, 9.00 a.m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p.m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a.m., 12.45, 6.00 p.m. Sunday 1.30 a.m., 12.45, 5.40 p.m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.00 a.m., 12.45, 5.40, 6.32 p.m. Sunday 6.06 p.m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a.m., 4.07 p.m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a.m., 3.52, 6.11 p.m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.23, 10.00 a.m., 4.05, 6.24 p.m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.25 a.m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p.m. Sunday 7.20 a.m., 9.20 p.m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a.m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16 p.m. Sunday 6.10, 10.06 a.m., 7.59 p.m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a.m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21 p.m. Sunday, 6.15, 10.12 a.m., 8.05 p.m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a.m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p.m. Sunday, 6.20, 10.18 a.m., 8.10 p.m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a.m., 12.40, 5.25 p.m.

Greenland Village—8.33 a.m., 12.48, 5.23 p.m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a.m., 1.02, 5.58 p.m.

Epping—9.20 a.m., 1.16, 6.14 p.m. Raymond—9.30 a.m., 1.27, 6.25 p.m.

Returning leave

Concord—7.45, 10.25 a.m., 3.30 p.m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a.m., 4.20 p.m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a.m., 5.02 p.m.

Epping—9.20 a.m., 12.00 p.m., 5.15 p.m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a.m., 12.16, 5.55 p.m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a.m., 12.28, 6.08 p.m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woods Hole, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division. Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points at the Station.

V. E. SHAW, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS & T. PERKINS,

TIME TABLE:

Portsmouth, Dover & York St. Ry.

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing Sept. 11, 1905.

In Effect Sept. 18, 1905.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Boar's Head at 7.05 a.m., and hourly until 7.05 p.m.

For Cable Road only at 8.30 a.m., 6.50 a.m., and 10.05 p.m.

For Little Boar's Head only at 8.05 p.m. and 9.05 p.m. The 10.05 a.m., 1.05 p.m., 4.05, 5.05, 7.05 p.m. and 9.05 p.m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. On Theatre Nights 10.05 p.m. car waits until close of performance.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at \$8.05 a.m. and hourly until 8.05 p.m.

Leave Cable Road ** 8.10 a.m., 7.30 a.m. and 10.40 p.m. Leave Little Boar's Head 9.10 p.m. and 10.10 p.m. Leave Sagamore Hill, Sundays only, for Market Sq. at 10.23 a.m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square a ** 6.35 a.m., 7.05 a.m. and half hourly until 10.05 p.m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p.m. Up Middle street only at 10.35 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.02 a.m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a.m. and hourly until 10.30 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a.m.

Last cars each night run to car bar only.

Running time to Plains, 13 minutes Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington Street and Down Market Street—Leave Market Square a ** 6.35 a.m., 7.05 a.m. and half hourly until 10.05 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a.m.

For Portsmouth Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a.m. and hourly until 10.05 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.02 a.m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a.m. and hourly until 10.30 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a.m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover and Portsmouth—6.00 a.m. and hourly to 10.00 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a.m.

For York—3.00 a.m. and every two hours until 10.00 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a.m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station is, up Islington street, 16 minutes; and down Market street, 4 minutes.

Last cars at night run to car bar only.

North Hampton Line—Week Days.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boar's Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a.m., 8.30, x11.00, x11.55 a.m., 2.20 p.m., x5.05 and 6.25 p.m. Connect with f. 28 a.m., 10.58, 11.5 a.m., 2.19 p.m., 5.05 and 6.21 p.m. trains from Boston.

Returning—Leave Portsmouth at 6 a.m.

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a.m., 8.06, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 3.00, 5.45, 7.05 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a.m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a.m. and hourly until 10.30 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a.m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a.m. and half hourly until 10.30 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a.m.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boar's Head only x1.00 p.m., x4.00, x4.30, 7.35, x8.02, x9.02 and x10.02 p.m.

Returning—Leave Little Boar's Head at 1.53 p.m., 4.15, 4.45, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p.m. Sundays.

TIME TABLE:

Portsmouth, Dover & York St. Ry.

In Effect Sept. 18, 1905.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a.m. and hourly until 9.55 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a.m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25 a.m. and half hourly until 10.25 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a.m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a.m. and every two hours until 10.55 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a.m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a.m. and every two hours until 9.55 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a.m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a.m. and every two hours until 10.05 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a.m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a.m. and every two hours until 9.55 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a.m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a.m. and hourly until 8.05 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a.m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a.m. and every two hours until 9.55 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a.m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a.m. and hourly until 8.05 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a.m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a.m. and every two hours until 9.55 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a.m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a.m. and hourly until 8.05 p.m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a.m.

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MINIATURE ALMANAC,
JANUARY 25SUNRISE.....1:45 MOONSET.....06:04 P.M.
SUNSET.....11:45 A.M. FULL MOON.....10:00 P.M.First Quarter, Feb. 1st, Th. 31m., morning, E.
Full Moon, Feb. 9th, 28. 46m., evening, W.
Last Quarter, Feb. 16th, 11b. 22m., evening, E.
New Moon, Feb. 23rd, 26. 57m., morning, E.

A FINE ART EXHIBIT

Turner Collection At Association Hall

FAITHFUL REPRODUCTIONS OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS

The Turner art exhibit will open in Association Hall at three o'clock this (Thursday) afternoon and will continue through Friday and Saturday. This exhibit was given at Traipse Academy, Kittery, last autumn and its excellence was fully proven at that time. Consequently, much interest has been displayed by the art lovers of this city and vicinity in the second exhibition of the pictures and works of art comprised in the Turner collection.

It is really one of the most varied and interesting popular collections in existence. It comprises reproductions of paintings by the old masters and the best modern artists and representations of great sculptures and architectural masterpieces.

Michelangelo's "Holy Family" is one of the most fascinating of the reproductions and is the only example of the work of that wonderful artist.

Correggio's "Holy Night" is another notable picture and still another is Brozik's "Columbus at the Court of Isabella". Raphael Sanzio's "Sistine Madonna", Turner's "Slave Ship" and Murillo's "St. Anthony at Padua" are other unusually fine reproductions.

There are pictures by Rosa Bonheur, including the famous "Horse Fair", and no less than eight Landseer reproductions. L. Alma-Tadema is represented by "A Reading from Homer"; there are four Corot pictures, five Murillos, three Sanzios and four Turners. "The Shepherdess" and "The Tired Gleaners" by Millet are shown and Whistler's "Little Rose" and "Head of a Blacksmith."

Paintings representing scenes in American history are "Washington Crossing the Delaware", by Lentz; "Death of Montgomery at Quebec"; "The Battle of Bunker Hill", and "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence", by Trumbull; "The Battle of Lexington", by Bicknell; "Sherman's March to the Sea", by Darley; "Washington's Farewell", by Gow, and "Washington at Dorchester Heights", by Stuart.

Among the specimens of sculpture and architecture are "The Minute Man", by Daniel Chester French, a distinguished son of New Hampshire.

Representations are shown of the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the arches of Titus and Constantine, the Coliseum, the Parthenon, the Court of Lions, the Court of Myrtles and the Hall of the Two Sisters of the Alhambra, the Dome of St. Peter's, the Forum, the Capitol at Washington and Ann Hathaway's Cottage.

There are in all 200 reproductions in the collection, every one of real merit. The exhibit is by far the best ever shown hereabouts and one that devotees of art are indeed fortunate to be able to see. Such a collection is a novelty and a novelty well worth while.

FOR ALLEGED LARCENY

Richard Cavanaugh Held For Superior Court By Judge Simes

Richard Cavanaugh, who claims to belong in Cambridge, Mass., was before Judge Simes in police court this (Thursday) morning charged with the larceny of a gold watch and chain valued at \$50 from a friend whom he met at a boarding house.

It appeared from the testimony that the man who lost the watch went to sleep in a room and on waking up his timepiece was missing.

He reported the matter to the police and Officer Burke got Cavanaugh near the Gale Shoe Company's factory with the goods.

In court, Cavanaugh testified that the watch was given him and that he did not steal it.

Judge Simes found probable cause to hold Cavanaugh for the April term of superior court in two strictures of \$200.

ENTERTAINED FOUR HUNDRED

Dover Knights of Pythias Had Meeting and Banquet

Olive Branch Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of Dover entertained nearly 400 members of the order at a meeting and banquet on Wednesday evening.

Among the guests were members

The Quality Piano

There is one piano in the making of which quality, and quality alone, is always the sole consideration. Since the day their factory was founded over 82 years ago, the makers of

THE CHICKERING

have spared no effort and overlooked no opportunity to incorporate in this instrument every improvement that years of experience and constant study could suggest. And today it stands alone the embodiment of piano perfection.

H. P. Montgomery,
Established 1865.
6 Pleasant St. Portsmouth

Damon Lodge of this city, Constitution Lodge of Kittery and Wentworth Lodge of New Castle.

The third rank was conferred in long form by the staff of Olive Branch Lodge and the work was excellently done.

There was a pleasing musical and literary entertainment.

SECOND NIGHT

OF THE FAIR OF NEW CASTLE KNIGHTS
OF PYTHIAS

The program of Thursday evening, the second of the fair of Wentworth Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of New Castle, was even more pleasing than that of the first evening. The crowd in attendance was also larger.

Wallace G. Richards of Boston justified his reputation as an impersonator and scored a decided hit. He was inimitable in his readings and character acts. Especially good was the dramatic representation of James Whitcomb Riley's "Hoosier Boy."

Hon. Horace Mitchell, James H. Walker and Clifford Muchmore of Kittery attended a Masonic gathering in Biddeford on Wednesday evening.

James J. Driscoll has left this city for a Southern and Western trip for the benefit of his health. He contemplates visits to Hot Springs, Ark., and California.

Miss Gertrude Moran left today (Thursday) for Philadelphia and Washington. While in Philadelphia, she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Caldwell and family.

Rear Admiral Joseph Foster, U. S. N., retired, of Middle street will sail for England this week. He will return to this country with a bride. During his absence, his daughters will live at The Rockingham.

Richard Mulcahy of the railroad station cafe returned from Portland on Wednesday, where he had been for a week or more, owing to the illness of his brother, Thomas Mulcahy, who is reported much improved.

Miss Gertrude Lyons, a former popular employee of The Rockingham, is passing a few days in this city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Dolan of Wibird street. Miss Lyons now holds a position as cashier at one of the best restaurants on Dartmouth street, Boston.

Two Chinese on board the Caesar, one of the fleet towing the dry dock Dewey to Cavite, have died of a disease known as beri-beri. This disease is prevalent in the West Indies and causes a swelling of the limbs, beginning at the feet and working upward through the system. It is due to a poisoning of the blood. For relief a patient must be tapped more or less.

The cargo of coal, due for the yards and docks power plant, is expected this week.

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